

How Booze Capitulated in Valdosta.

The fixtures in nearly all of the Valdosta saloons were taken out Monday. There were a few cases of liquor left over from the Saturday's rush, but most of the stocks were exhausted when the clock chimed the hour of closing. What was left was sent to warehouses, where it will remain until the dealers decide as to what they will do. Two of them have already gone to Jacksonville.

Most of the places that have been vacated by the saloon men have been rented for other lines of business, although at considerably less rent. The work of changing these places to suit new conditions has already commenced.

The closing hours of the business were interesting. People came from all parts of the country around with their suit cases, carpet bags, valises, etc., and they carried them back full of "goods," as the saloon men call it. There were 400 casks of beer sold here in one week. That means 50,000 bottles. Of course, it all was not drunk. Seventy-five casks were taken by individuals for future reference. Probably that many casks were shipped out to the dry towns.

There was much drinking, though only fifteen arrests were made during the week. There was good humor everywhere, and prools and antis joined in singing "Good Bye, Booze, Good Bye." As the hour for the saloons to close the Methodist church bell, which had done good service during the campaign, was tolled again. The streets were full of people and many songs were sung.

The Great Bigness of Texas

Elbert Hubbard of the Philistine has been to Texas. He has learned things. And he is telling them. They are surprising. They are found. People from all over with eyes glued only opening up to the bursting point. Does he tell the truth? He does. Does he tell it all? He does not. He assumes as true it too great. For he is telling Texas. And Texas, our Southern sister, we all love. We know her every secret of her greatness which has never been half told. Texans are really free but the men, but no man within himself that we can realize in the extension of Texas' laws. "Our Texas loves" that's the other. And this is the way Elbert Hubbard turns her loose in the Philistine:

Texas is the biggest state in the Union—just back to me, I know. The upper part of Pan Handle Texas, is nearer to Chicago than it is to Houston. Texas is as wide as the distance from Chicago to Boston, or from St. Louis to New York City. That is to say that from Texarkana to El Paso it is 1,000 miles. Texas has 2,000,000 folks, 10,000,000 cattle, 12,000,000 sheep and 2,000,000 horses. One horse, you see, for every man, woman and child in the state. People who have not seen the Southwest during the past five years cannot by any description realize its progress. What is known as the "Santa Fe country" can feed the world. Six years ago you could buy in Texas 1,000 sheep for \$1,000; now 1,000 sheep will cost you \$8,000. The real crop in Texas, however, is not wool, but cotton. The cotton crop in Texas for the year 1906 was worth over \$200,000,000 in cold cash. They raise a bale of cotton to an acre, and a bale of cotton is worth \$60.

Texas has the second most important shipping port in America, and if things continue going as they have for the past five years, in ten years more the shipments from Galveston will exceed in value the combined exports of Boston and New York.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

A Mid-Day Highway Robbery

One of the boldest hold-ups ever known in Tampa was perpetrated upon G. Ferlita, the saloon keeper at the corner of Franklin and Fortune streets at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon. Ferlita had placed \$500 in bank notes and \$60 in checks under his buggy seat and was preparing to get into the vehicle to take the money to the bank when a negro named Arthur Robinson approached, and covering Ferlita with a pistol grabbed the money and fled. Policeman Hutchins, who saw the negro running, gave chase, following him into the LeDuc building where he had secured himself in a toilet and thrown his booty and ran into the basin. The officer secured the thief as well as the money. Robinson was conveyed to jail, followed by a large crowd, the bold mid-day robbery on one of Tampa's crowded street corners creating intense excitement.—Tampa Tribune.

Mosquitoes Are Numerous

The past few weeks there have been more mosquitoes in Wauchula than ever seen before by old residents. The merchants have been having a large sale on mosquito bars, people buying them who never before used a bar. The writer has lived in several states, and also in different parts of Florida, and heretofore Wauchula has been as free from mosquitoes as any place we have ever lived.—Wauchula Florida Advocate.

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